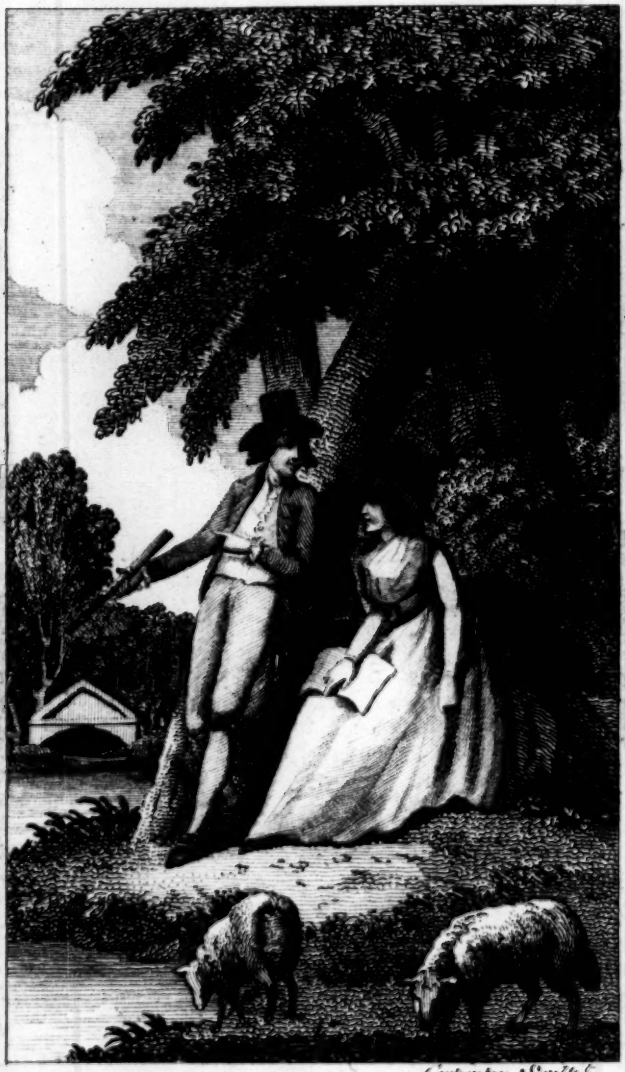
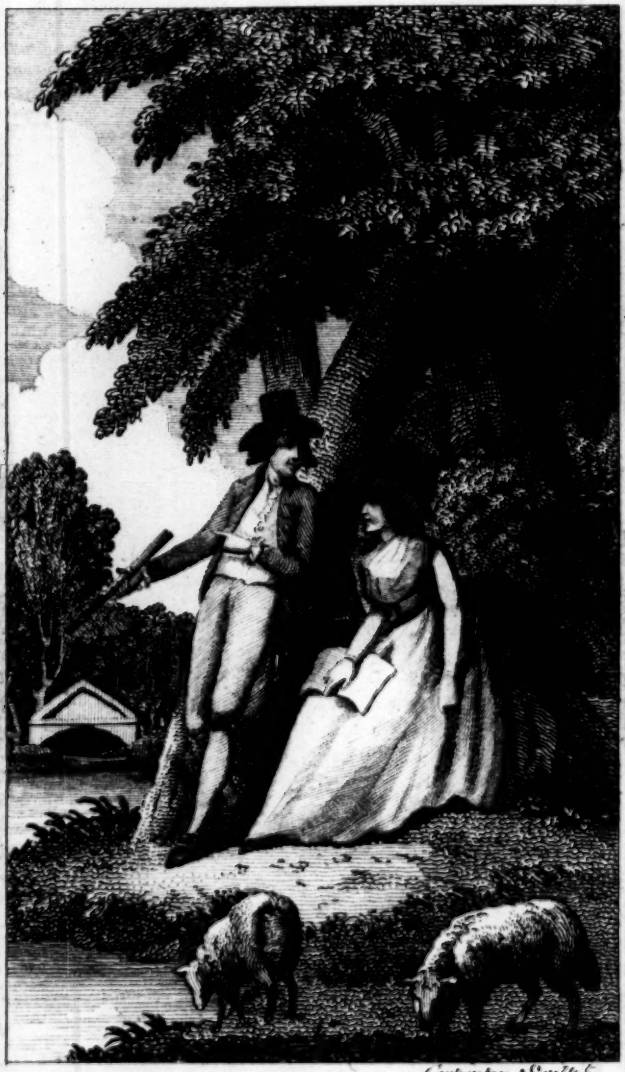


Carpenter Sculpt.

Happy, harmless, rural pair,
Void of Jealousy or care,



Carpenter Sculpt.

Happy, harmless, rural pair,
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THE

NEW OLIO:

OR,

A COLLECTION

OF

CHOICE WHIMS;

CONTAINING

SONGS, CATCHES, GLEES, &c.

AS SUNG AT

Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Royal-Grove, Royal-Circus, Royalty, the Theatres-Royal,

AND OTHER

FASHIONABLE PLACES OF AMUSEMENT,

INCLUDING THOSE OF

DIBDEN, MORRIS, and others.

LONDON:

Printed for, and sold by CHAMPANTE and WHITROW, Jewry-ſtreet.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

COLLECTION

OF

Songs, Catches, Glees, &c.

POOR WILL.

(In Imitation of Poor Jack.)

I'M a briſk jolly tar, and juſt going to ſea,
And my veſſel's tight rigg'd for the main;
As Britons, I'm told, they ſhould always be free,
Your freedom I'll ſtrive to maintain.
Let your beaux and your belles, if they will, ſcoff and ſneer,
And laugh at the ills I endure,
I'm a foe to deceit and a ſtranger to fear,
And I'm honeſt although I am poor.
If my cup of exiſtence ſhould be daſh'd with gall,
Yet contented my ſtation I'll fill;
For I know there's a Providence rules over all,
To protect and take care of Poor Will.

When Bet heard the news ſhe hung down her head,
But I gave her a hearty good ſmack;
Says I, "My dear girl, you have nothing to dread,
"With honour I hope to come back;
"Come dry up your tears, for a moment attend,
"My departure you muſt not oppoſe;
"I'm a ſailor you know, and I'm bound to defend
"Old England and humble its foes.
"Then have done with your whimp'ring, your ſpirits recall;
"I've lov'd you always, ſo I do ſtill;
"And you know there's a Providence rules over all,
"To protect and take care of Poor Will."

We're to hardſhips expos'd, but that we don't mind;
When all night I am in the round top,
The ſea ſometimes rough and the weather unkind,
Cold, benumb'd, I am ready to drop.
When the lightning does flaſh and the thunder does roll,
When the waves daſhes us to and fro,
When Poor Jack heaves a ſigh for his fav'rite Poll,
Then no fear nor no terror I know.
If danger aſſails us and tempeſts befal,
Should a leak the ſhip with water fill,
I know there's a Providence rules over all,
To protect and take care of Poor Will.

The French we will drub if they dare to come nigh,
For their inſolence we'll make them pay;
As they've taught us to dance, we will learn them to fly,
And be glad to get out of our way.
Tho' I oft'times have fought in my country's defence,
No promotion I'm likely to gain,
"There's no vacancy yet," that's always the pretence
So a common man ſtill I remain.

But if ſtretch'd on the deck by the ſtroke of a ball,
With pleaſure my blood I will ſpill,
And that Providence truſt which rules over all,
To protect and take care of Poor Will.

If ſtorms and if perils I chance to ſurvive,
And my voyage is crown'd with ſucceſs,
Our enemies vanquiſh'd, I come back alive,
Then how happy I'll be with my Beſs!
If I fall, well and good; then there's an end of me,
Tho' I've heard, if I right underſtand,
That the ſame ruling power protects us at ſea,
All the ſame as if we were on land.
Farewel then! I fly at my country's call,
In its ſervice I'll exert my ſkill;
For I know there's a Providence rules over all,
To protect and take care of Poor Will.

POOR JACK.

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs d'ye ſee
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water boat, and good ſea room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll ſtrike:
Though the tempeſt top-gallant-maſts ſmack ſmooth ſhould ſmite,
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and bouze every thing tight,
And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud:

Avaſt, nor don't think me a milk-ſop ſo ſoft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they ſays there's a Providence ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About ſouls, heaven, mercy, and ſuch,
And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas juſt all as one as High Dutch:
But he ſaid how a ſparrow can't founder, d'ye ſee,
Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow;
For ſays he, do you mind me, let ſtorms e'er ſo oft
Take the topſails of ſailors aback,
There's a ſweet little cherub that ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I ſaid to our Poll, for you ſee ſhe would cry,
When laſt we weighed anchor for ſea,
What argufies ſniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why what a damn'd fool you muſt be:
Can't you ſee the world's wide and there's for us all,
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore;
And if to old Davy I ſhould go friend Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more:
What then, all's a hazard, come don't be ſo ſoft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye ſee there's a cherub ſits ſmiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhould be every inch
All as one as a piece of a ſhip,
And with her brave the world, without offering to
flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a trip:

As for me, in all weathers, all times, ſides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that ſprings,
For my heart is my Polls, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life 'tis the king's:
Even when my time comes ne'er believe me ſo ſoft
As with grief to be taken aback,
That ſame little cherub that ſifts up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL,

A SEQUEL TO POOR JACK.

WHEN Jack parted from me, to plow the ſalt deep,
Alas! I mayn't ſee him again;
In ſpite of all talking, I could not but weep,
To help it I'm ſure was in vain,
To help it I'm ſure was in vain;
Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewel,
Saying, Poll, come my ſoul, it won't do,
So, d'ye hear, avaſt whining and ſobbing, my girl,
'Tis all fooliſh nonſenſe in you;
I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,
From a ſomething that whiſper'd, d'ye ſee,
There's a ſweet little angel that ſits out of ſight,
There's a ſweet little angel that ſits out of ſight,
Will reſtore my Poor Jack unto me,
Will reſtore my Poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at diſtance, each thought is employ'd,
And nought can delight me on ſhore;
I fancy, at times, that the ſhip is deſtroy'd,
And Jack I ſhall never ſee more;
But then it's but fancy—that Angel above,
Who can do ſuch a wonder of things,
I know will ne'er ſuffer a harm to my love,
And ſo to myſelf I thus ſings,
What matters repining, my heart ſhall be light,
For a ſomething there whiſpers, d'ye ſee,
There's a ſweet little Angel that ſits out ſight,
Will reſtore my Poor Jack unto me.

But ſhould that ſweet Angel, wherever he be,
Forget to look out after Jack,
Why then he may never return unto me,
Ah! never, no never come back;
But, oh! it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
To make the ſalt water his grave;
And why ſhould I then each tale-teller mind,
Or dread every turbulent wave,
Beſides, I will never kind Providence ſlight,
For a ſomething there whiſpers, d'ye ſee,
There's a ſweet little Angel that ſits out of ſight,
Will reſtore my Poor Jack unto me.

WHEN THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL.

WHEN the fancy ſtirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleaſure,
Glowing viſions gild my ſoul,
And life's an endleſs treaſure.

Mem'ry decks my waſted heart,
Freſh with gay deſires;
Rays divine my ſenſes dart,
And kindling hope inſpires.

Then who'd be grave,
When wine can ſave
The heavieſt ſoul from ſinking;
And magic grapes,
Give angel ſhapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Here ſweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me.
Tho' my head may ſwim, yet true
Still to nature's feeling;
Peace and beauty ſwim there too,
And rock me as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's ſoft pillow tender truth.
Her penſive leſſon taught me;
Age ſoon mock'd the dream of youth
And wiſdom wak'd and caught me.
A bargain then with love I knock'd
To hold the pleaſing gipſey,
Then wiſe to keep my boſom lock'd,
But turn the key when tipſey.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time aſſuag'd my heated heart
The grey-beard blind and ſimple,
Forgot to cool one little part
Juſt fluſh'd by Lucy's dimple.

That part's enough of beauty's type
To warm an honeſt fellow;
And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
It melts ſtill while I'm mellow.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

THE TRUMPET OF WAR.

HARK, hark! Hear the trumpet of war!
How lively! how cheerful its train!
It calls Briton's ſons from afar,
To fight the Armadas of Spain:
It ſounds ſweet revenge in our ears,
To make them ſmart well for their brag,
Which to do we will pay 'em arrears,
And wipe off the ſtain from our flag.
Then Briton's be valiant, your courage diſplay,
And add to Old England a nother proud day.

How fooliſh and weak their Decrees!
How vain and pretended their hope,
To think themſelves lords of the ſeas,
Becauſe they 've a Bull from the Pope!
But Britons at this make a jeſt,
And ne'er will ſubſcribe to their notion;
For they know that thoſe who fight beſt,
Can only be lords of the ocean.
Then Britons be valiant, your courage diſplay,
And add to Old England another proud day.

Our Fleets then in readineſs wait,
In hopes of performing their vow,
And no one can doubt of Spain's fate,
Since we are commanded by Howe;
His Sailors are warm with deſire,
Their courage and ſtrength to evince,
To conquer they're taught to aſpire,
With leſſons they have from their Prince.

Then Britons be valiant, your courage diſplay,
And add to Old England a nother proud day.

CHARMING KITTY.

THO' many a nymph may claim my ſong,
For ſhape, and grace, and features handſome;
Yet Kate ſuch charms to thee belong,
As well is worth a monarch's ranſom;
And had I India's wealth in ſtore,
I'd ſhun with joy the court or city,
And live ſequeſter'd evermore;
With thee ſweet maid, my charming, charming Kitty,
With thee ſweet maid, my charming, charming Kitty,
With thee ſweet maid, my charming, charming Kitty.

I many an acre Kate can boaſt,
Large tracks of land and golden treaſure;
Then come, ſweet girl, I love thee moſt,
I'll lay it at thy feet with pleaſure;
For thee I'll e'en the ſex reſign,
The fair, the brown, the gay, the witty,
If thou'lt be mine, and only mine,
Sweet ruſtic maid, my charming Kitty.

Then leave the ſhepherds. bonny Kate,
Lay by thy crook, each care give over,
And let me henceforth on thee wait,
A taſk how pleaſant to a lover:
My life I'll dedicate to thee,
And ſing thee oft a tender ditty,
If thou'lt conſent to live with me,
Sweet ruſtic maid, my charming Kitty.

TO-MORROW I'LL TELL YOU MY MIND.

BY the cot in the dale, as I paſs'd t'other day,
A wand'ring young lambkin to find,
My ſweet pretty Patty, I met by the way,
Whoſe charms were impreſs'd, impreſs'd on my mind,
Whoſe charms were impreſs'd, were impreſs'd on my mind;
I gaz'd, and ſhe bluſh'd—I knelt, and I pray'd,
In hopes that the fair, that the fair wou'd be kind;
But all the reply I could get from the maid,
Was to-morrow I'll tell you my mind,
To morrow I'll tell you my mind.

I preſs'd her ſoft hand, with a tender ſalute,
She gently rebuk'd with a ſmile;
My honor I told her ſhe need not diſpute,
I lov'd her too well, too well to beguile,
I lov'd her too well, too well to beguile,
And hymen was ready his ſanction to bring,
If ſhe to my wiſhes, my wiſhes inclin'd:
Be ſecret, ſhe ſaid, go purchaſe the ring,
And to-morrow I'll tell you, I'll tell you my mind,
To-morrow I'll tell you my mind.

WHILE THE MORN IS INVITING TO LOVE.

THE ſun, when ariſing, beſpangles the dew,
And tints with his glory the ſkies;
All nature's in motion—how charming the view,
When day is beginning to riſe!
When day is beginning to riſe!
The morning is lovely, Maria, awake!
Let us haſte to the myrtle alcove,
Or ſtray by the ſide of the chryſtaline lake,
While the morn is inviting to love,
Or ſtray by the ſide of the chryſtaline lake,
While the morn is inviting to love,
While the morn is inviting to love.

Did thy mind turn on me, in thy dreams in the night?
Did Ie'er to thy fancy appear?
Did no fond idea thy boſom delight?
Maria, unfold to my ear.
Unſeen, and unheard, you may tell it me now,
Not a witneſs is near but the dove,
Which mourns for its mate, on the olive tree bough,
While the morn is inviting to love.

The winter, Maria, will come on apace,
As ſummer begins to depart;
Come, then, in my boſom a confidence place,
And ſpeak the fond wiſh of thy heart:
O let us my fair, be united to day,
And haſte to the church in the grove,
Nor let us the pleaſing occaſion delay,
While the morn is inviting to love.

*

THE MAID OF MARTINDALE.

IN Martindale, a village gay,
A damſel deigns to dwell,
Whoſe looks are like a ſummer's day,
Whoſe charms no tongue can tell:
Whene'er I meet her on my way,
Whene'er I meet her on my way,
I tell my am'rous tale,
Then heave a ſigh, and ſoftly ſay,
Sweet maid of Martindale,
Sweet maid of Martindale,
Sweet maid of Martindale;
Then heave a ſigh, and ſoftly ſay,
Sweet maid of Martindale.

This nymph has numbers in her train,
From Hodge up to the 'Squire,
A conqueſt makes of ev'ry ſwain—
All gaze, and all admire:
Then where's the hope, alas! for me,
That I ſhould e'er prevail,
Yet while I breathe I'll think of thee,
Sweet maid of Martindale.

Should Fate propitious be my lot,
To call this charmer mine,
I'd live content in lowly cot,
And pompous thoughts reſign;
But if ſhe ſcorns each heart-felt ſigh,
And leaves me to bewail,
For thee, my fair, for thee I'll die,
Sweet maid of Martindale.

THE BONNY SAILOR.

BLOW cheerly ye winds, till my Henry's return,
Waves bear him once more to my arms;
Blow cheerly ye winds, till my Henry's return,
Waves bear him once more to my arms;
Hopes ſoft-ſoothing promiſe forbids me to mourn,
Tho' his danger my boſom alarms;
Hopes ſoft-ſoothing promiſe forbids me to mourn,
Tho' his danger my boſom alarms;
O my bonny, bonny ſailor,
My bonny, bonny ſailor,
My bonny, bonny ſailor
O my bonny, bonny ſailor.

Gay ſoldiers, dull 'ſquires, and ſportmen purſue,
But I ſcorn all their offers of love;
My heart is at ſea; my dear Henry with you,
And our vows are recorded above.
O my bonny, bonny ſailor.

May the foes of Old England in haſte be ſubdu'd,
Then my ſailor no longer will roam;
The laurel is gain'd that his valor purſu'd,
And Cupid ſhall pilot him home.
O my bonny bonny ſailor.

SELIM'S COMPLAINT.

NIGHT o'er the world her curtain hung,
The vale was ſilent, late ſo gay,
The bird of night melodious ſung,
Her anthem at departing day;

When Selim on a bank reclin'd,
Beneath a ſpreading willow tree,
Thus ſpoke the feelings of his mind,
Oh! Lucy, Lucy, Lucy,
Shed one tear for me.

Yes, had I all that Heaven could give—
Were my poſſeſſions rich and great,
Then for my Lucy would I live,
Then at her feet a ſuppliant wait;
But ſince hard poverty's my lot,
No hope remains to wed with thee,
Thy beauties ne'er can grace my cot,
"Oh! Lucy ſhed one tear for me."

Depriv'd of all that life could bleſs,
The torment life no more I crave,
The hours that offers happineſs,
Is that which marks my hapleſs grave;
Be each fond wiſh enjoy'd of thine;
May Heaven protect and comfort thee;
The turf muſt preſs this head of mine,
"Oh! Lucy ſhed one tear for me.

THE HEROES OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

THE Britiſh flag ſhall ſtill retain,
It's influence o'er the ſubject main,
The gaurdians of its honor feel,
Each inſult rouze their war like zeal;

And ſtill with rage their breaſts ſhall glow,
Untill they quell each haughty foe.

The Britiſh Damſels then with ſmiles,
Shall bid them welcome to our iſles,
And deck'd in charms, with joy ſhall meet,
The heroes of the Britiſh Fleet,
The heroes of the Britiſh Fleet.

Britannia's ſons ſhall quit the ſhore,
To bid the thund'ring cannon roar,
Shall bravely all her mights maintain,
And ride victorious on the main;
Then Fame her loudeſt trump ſhall blow,
And guilded laurels deck each brow.

The Britiſh damſels &c.

Old Neptune oft has wond'ring ſtood,
And wav'd his Trident o'er the flood,
Whilſt Britiſh Tars have won the day,
And wealth and honors borne away;
Still may they wake his wonder more,
And bring new treaſures to the ſhore.

The Britiſh damſels, &c.

SWEET NAN OF HAMPTON-GREEN,

A FAVOURITE SONG.

WITH care I ſearch'd the village round,
And many hamlets tried,
At laſt a fair I haply found,
Devoid of art and pride;

In neat built cot it is her lot,
A ruſtic life to lead,
With tender care her lambkins rear,
And watch her ewes at feed,
Where Thames in ſilver current flows
To beautify the ſcene,
There blooms this fair, a bluſhing roſe,
Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green,
Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green,
Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green,
There blooms this fair, a bluſhing roſe,
Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green.

Her eyes beſpeak a ſoul for love,
Her manner form'd to pleaſe,
In mildneſs equal to the dove,
With innocence and eaſe;
To paint her face,
Her form and grace,
All words are weak and vain,
Enough to tell
She does excel
The daughter of the main,
Where Thames, &c.

When firſt this charmer I ſurvey'd,
With doubt my heart was fraught,
Fancy the beautious maid portray'd,
A goddeſs to my thought;
In am'rous bliſs,
I ſtole a kiſs,
Which baniſh'd all alarms,
Then joyful found
My wiſhes crown'd,
A mortal in my arms,

Where Thames in ſilver current flows,
To beautify the ſcene,
There blooms my fair, a bluſhing roſe,
Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green.

I SMILE AT LOVE AND ALL HIS ARTS.

I SMILE at love and all his arts,
The charming Cynthia cries;
Take heed, for love has fatal darts,
A wounded ſwain replies,
Once free and bleſs'd as you are now,
I dally'd with his charms,
I ſported with his little bow,
And pointed at his arms;
Till urg'd too far, revenge he cries,
A fatal ſhaft he drew,
It took its paſſage thro' your eyes,
And to my heart it flew;
To tear it thence I ſtrove in vain,
For I too quickly found,
'Twas only to increaſe the pain,
And to enlarge the wound.

BALLAD, IN THE ODDITIES.

'TWAS in the good ſhip rover
I Sailed the world arround,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touch'd Britiſh ground;

At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations ſtranded,
And went to ſea again.

That time bound ſtraight to Potugal,
Right fore and after we bore;
But, when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the ſhore:
She lay, ſo did it ſhock her,
A log upon the main;
Till, ſav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to ſea again.

Next in a frigate ſailing,
Upon a ſqually night,
Thunder and light'ning hailing
The horrors of the fight.
My precious limb was loped off,
I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popped off,
And went to ſea again.

Yet ſtill am I enabled
Do bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite diſabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The king, God bleſs his royalty,
Who ſaved me from the main,
I'll praiſe with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to ſea again.

BALLAD, IN LIBERTY-HALL.

SEE the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are
begun,
The confuſion but hear!—I'll bet you ſir—done, done;
Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies aſſail the tir'd ear:
While, with neck like a rain bow, erecting his creſt,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching
his breaſt,
Scarcely ſnuffing the air, he's ſo proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer firſt ſtarts for the plate.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch
ruſh,
Hounds, horſes, and huntſmen, all hard at his bruſh;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by ſcent and by view, cheat a long tedious way:
While, alike born for ſports of the field or the courſe,
Always ſure to come thorough, a ſtaunch and fleet
horſe;
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, uſed up, and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with ſome
blood;
While knowing poſtilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this ſweepſtakes, his ſire gain'd that
race;
And what matches he won to the oſtlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge alehouſe door,

While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at laſt, having labour'd, drud'g early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill
Or draws ſand, till the ſand of his hourglaſs ſtands ſtill:
And now, cold, and lifeleſs, expoſed to the view,
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his ſad relicks ſurrounds,
The high-mettled racer is ſold for the hounds.

BALLAD, IN ROSE AND COLIN.

I loſt my poor mother
When only a child,
And I fear'd ſuch another,
So gentle and mild,
Was not to be found;

But I ſaw my miſtake,
For ſcarce was ſhe gone,
But I prov'd I had father and mother in one:
And though, at this minute he makes my heart ach,
There's not ſuch another ſearch all the world round.

I'd reach'd my teens fairly,
As blithe as a bee,
His care, late and early,
Being all to pleaſe me;
No one thing above ground

Was too good for his roſe;
At wake or at fair
I was dreſs'd out ſo gaily, lord, people would ſtare,
And I ſay it again, though he's peeviſh, God knows,
There's not ſuch another ſearch all the world round.

But love, who, they tell us,
Does many ſtrange things,
Makes all the world jealous,
And mad—even kings,
They ſay he can wound.

This love is the ſore,
Since colin came here,
This father ſo kind is a father ſevere;
Yet ſtill I will ſay, though he ſcolds more & more,
There's not ſuch another ſearch all the world round.

THE TEMPEST OF WAR.

LET the tempeſt of war
Be heard from afar,
With trumpets and cannons alarms:
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valor or ſkill,
Seek honor and conqueſt in arms.

To live ſafe, and retire,
Is what I deſire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe poſſeſt;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the laſting enjoyment of reſt.

In ſome cottage or cell,
Like a ſhepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at eaſe;
In a peaceable life,
To be bleſt with a wife,
Who will ſtudy her huſband to pleaſe.

SONG.

WHEN late, a ſimple ruſtic laſs,
I rov'd without conſtraint,
A ſtream was all my looking glaſs,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boaſt, alas! how few,
I gave to nature's care;
As vice ne'er ſpoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.

HARVEST-HOME.

WHAT cheerful ſounds ſalute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn!
Behold! the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn,
The nymphs and ſwains, a jovial band,
Still ſhouting as they come;
With ruſtic inſtruments in hand,
Proclaim the harveſt-home.

The golden ſheaves, pil'd up on high,
Within the barn are ſtor'd;
The careful hind, with ſecret joy
Exulting, views his hoard.
His labour's paſt, he counts his gains;
And freed from anxious care,
His caſks are broach'd; the ſun-burnt ſwains
His rural plenty ſhare.

In dance and ſong the night is ſpent;
All ply the flowing bowl;
And jeſts and harmleſs merriment
Expand the artleſs ſoul.
Young colin whiſpers roſalind,
Who ſtill reap'd by his ſide;
And plights his troth, if ſhe prove kind,
To take her for his bride.

*

For joys like theſe, through circling years,
Their toilſome taſk they tend:
The hind ſucceſſive labour bears,
In proſpect of the end;
In ſpring, or winter, ſows his ſeed,
Manures, or tills the ſoil:
In ſummer various cares ſucceed;
But harveſt crowns his toil.

MY NANCY.

MY Nancy quits the rural plain,
And kindly ſeeks her faithful ſwain;
Who, 'midſt the din of war's alarms,
His much-lov'd country calls to arms.

Of old, when heroes ſally'd forth,
To reſcue innocence and worth,
The fair one's image in the heart,
Could vigour to their nerves impart.

Then what ſuperior laurels, now,
Muſt grace the happy ſoldier's brow;
Bleſt with her preſence in the field,
To whom alone his heart can yield.

SONG.

WHITE man never go away ;
Tell me why need you ?
Stay, ſtay ; with your Wowſki ſtay ;
Wowſki will feed you.
Cold moons are coming in,
Ah, don't grieve me !
I'll wrap you in a leopard's ſkin ;
White man, don't leave me.

And when all the ſky is blue,
Sun makes warm weather ;
I'll catch you a cockatoo —
Dreſs you in a feather.
When cold comes, or when 'tis hot,
Ah, don't grieve me !
Poor Wowſki will be forgot ;
White man, don't leave me.

A FAVOURITE SEA SONG.

I'VE known what it is to face a foe,
Where death hath laid his hundreds low,
What 'tis fatigues to undergo,
That might appall our nature ;
Yet never was a truth more clear,
That man's in danger, leaſt in fear,
Whoſe heart can ſhed a generous tear,
T' relieve a fellow-creature.

I've ſeen ſtout hearts of whom one wave,
Has in a moment made a grave,
Whoſe lives not all the world could ſave;
Then things affect our nature.
But not ſo much as when the heart,
Some ray of comfort to impart,
Swells up a generous tear to ſtart,
T' relieve a fellow-creature.

PADDY BULL'S EXPEDITION.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's ſweet town,
And for England's ownſelf through the ſeas I did plow;
For four long days I was toſs'd up and down,
Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;
While afraid off the deck in the ocean to ſlip, Sir,
I clung like a cat a faſt hold for to keep, Sir;
Round about the big poſt that grows out of the ſhip, Sir,
O I never thought more to ſing langolee.

Thus ſtanding ſtock ſtill, all the while I was moving,
Till Ireland's coaſt I ſaw clean out of ſight;
Myſelf the next day a true Iriſhman proving,
When leaving the ſhip on the ſhore for to light;
As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
The firſt ſtep I took was in ſuch a totter,
That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water;
O that was no time to ſing langolee.

But as ſharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
And my ſtomach and bowels did grumble and growl,
I thought the beſt way to get each in good humour,
Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my ſowle;

So I went to a houſe where roaſt meat they provide, Sir,
With a whirligig, which up the chimney I 'ſpy'd, Sir,
And which grinds all their ſmoke into powder beſides, Sir—
'Tis true as I'm now ſinging langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the ſtage coaches,
That ſet ſail for London each night in the week,
To whom I obnoxiouſly made my aproaches,
As a birth aboard one I was come for to ſeek;
But as for the inſide, I'd no caſh in my caſket,
Says I, with your leave, I make bold, Sir, to aſk it,
When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the baſket?
For there I can ride and ſing langolee.

When, making his mouth up—"the Baſket, ſays he, Sir,
Goes after the coach a full hour or two;"
Very well, Sir, ſays I, that's the thing then for me, Sir,
But the devil a word that he told me was true;
For though one went before, and the other behind, Sir,
They ſat off cheek by jole at the very ſame time, Sir;
So the ſame day, at night, I ſet out by moon-ſhine, Sir,
All alone by myſelf ſinging langolee.

O long life to the moon, for a brave noble creature,
That ſerves us with lamp-light each night in the dark!
While the ſun only ſhines in the day, which, by nature,
Wants no light at all—as you all may remark;
But as for the moon, by my ſoul I'll be bound, Sir,
It would ſave the whole nation a great many pounds, Sir,
To ſubſcribe for to light him up all the year round, Sir,
Or I'll never ſing more about langolee.

†

BALLAD, IN PANDORA.

WHAT naughty things we women are,
Who long for fruit forbidden;
Though 'twere our bane, we cannot bear
The leaſt thing from us hidden.

But what we ſee will we believe,
Though ill on ill we're heaping,
Though to this day, from mother Eve,
We've always paid for peeping.

Thus curious girls, urg'd by their youth,
Thoughtleſs what they were doing,
Have falſhood found diſguis'd like truth,
And maſk'd like pleaſure, ruin.

Inſtead of ſmiling who muſt grieve,
Whoſe joys are turn'd to weeping,
And who too late, like mother Eve,
Find they have paid for peeping.

Should I to my deſires give way,
I may encounter ſorrow,
And that I think a good to-day,
May prove an ill to-morrow.

Yet, cautious prudence, by your leave,
The ſecret's in my keeping;
I am weak woman, and, like Eve,
Cannot refrain from peeping.

ANACREON.

TO Anacreon, in heav'n where he ſat in full glee,
A few ſons of harmony ſent a petition.
That he their inſpirer and patron would be,
When this anſwer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian
Voice, fiddle and flute,
No longer be mute,
I'll lend ye my name and inſpire you to boot;
And beſides, I'll inſtruct ye, like me, to entwine,
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretented to give himſelf airs,
If theſe mortals are ſuffer'd their ſchemes to purſue,
The devil a goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs.
Hark! already they cry,
In tranſports of joy,
Away to the ſons of Anacreon w'll fly:
And there with good fellows, w'll learn to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fuſty maids;
From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;
Idalia will boſt but tenantleſs ſhades,
And the biforked hill a mere deſart will be:
My thunder, no fear on't,
Shall ſoon do it's errand,
And, dam'me! I'll ſwinge the ringleaders, I warrant,
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to 'twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo roſe up, and ſaid prithee ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
Your thunder is uſeleſs, then ſhewing his laural,
Cry'd *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
Then over each head
My laurels I'll ſpread,
So my ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall dread
While ſnug in their club-room, they jovially 'twine
The myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus roſe up, with his riſiable phiz,
And ſwore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:
The full tide of harmony ſtill ſhall be his,
But the ſong and the catch, and the laugh ſhall be mine;
Then, Jove, be not jealous
Of theſe honeſt fellows;
Cry'd Jove we relent, ſince the truth you now tell us,
And ſwear by old Styx, that they long ſhall intwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye ſons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand,
Preſerve unanimity, friendſhip and love,
'Tis your's to ſupport what's ſo happily plann'd,
You've the ſanction of gods and the fiat of Jove:
While thus we agree,
Our toaſt let it be,
May our club flouriſh happy, united and free!
And long may the ſons of Anacreon entwine,
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

SONG.

SHEPHERDS I have loſt my love,
Have you ſeen my Anna?
Pride of every ſhady grove,
Upon the Banks of Banna.

I, for her, my home forſook,
Near yon miſty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Green-wood ſhade, and fountain.

Never ſhall I ſee them more,
Until at her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladneſs chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds tell me whither?
Ah! woe is me, perhaps ſhe's gone
For ever, and for ever.

THE DUST-MAN.

THO' duſt ho! I cry, as I drive thro' the ſtreet,
Yet there's many more duſt-men beſides, that I meet,
Who trudge for the duſt, o're all parts of the town,
Tho' their coat's not ſo duſty as mine, I muſt own.

CHORUS.

Tho' duſt is my cry, yet I'll tell you my mind,
The high and the low are all duſt-men you'll find,

The courtier's a duſt-man, who bow's to high grace,
And he hopes to find duſt in a penſion or place;
The treaſury's a duſt-hole, to ſerve all the nation,
But it's duſt only goes to thoſe in high ſtation.

Tho' duſt is my cry, &c.

The doctor's a duſt-man, his duſt is the fee,
The lawyer another, you plainly may ſee;
The tradeſman is one too, who gives you no truſt,
If his goods you wou'd have, you muſt down with the duſt.

Tho' duſt is my cry, &c.

A duſt-man behold, in each fop and each beau,
They powder their heads—which is duſt, all muſt know;
The miller loves duſt too, who grinds in his mill,
And the baker's another—deny it who will.

Tho' duſt is my cry, &c.

The parſon, the lawyer, the doctor, and all
Are duſt-men, you find the great and the ſmall;
The miſer who lets all his treaſure to ruſt,
It plainly appears too—is fond of the duſt.

Tho' duſt is my cry, &c.

Then let us conſider, as duſt flies away,
That life is no more than a ſpan or a day;
Let us cheerfully live ſince die we all muſt,
And, then you all know we are nothing but duſt.

Tho' duſt is my cry, yet I'll tell you my mind,
The high and the low are all duſt-men you'll find.

BALLAD, IN THE ODDITIES.

'TWAS ſaturday night, the twinkling ſtars
Shone on the rippling ſea,
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was laſh'd a-lee;
The ample can adorn'd the board,
Prepair'd to ſee it out,
Each gave the laſs that he adored,
And puſh'd the grog about.

Cried honeſt Tom, my Peg I'll toaſt,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly portſmouth's favourite boaſt:
I'd venture life and limb,
Sail ſeven long years, and ne'er ſee land,
With dauntleſs heart and ſtout,
So tight a veſſel to command,
Then puſh the grog about.

I'll give cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comly ſtate,
Top gan'tſails ſet, ſhe is ſo tall,
She looks like a firſt rate:
Ah! would ſhe take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wiſh to know,
Then puſh the grog about.

I'll give, cryed I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handſome, neat, and tight
What joy ſo fine as ſhip to man?
She is my heart's delight!

So well ſhe bears the ſtorms of life,
I'd ſail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for ſuch a wife,
Then puſh the grog about.

Thus to deſcribe Poll, Peg or Nan
Each his beſt manner tried;
Till, ſummoned by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet ſtill did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For, in ſoft viſions, gentle ſleep,
Still puſh'd the grog about.

SONG.

WATER, parted from the ſea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile vallies glide:

Though, in ſearch of loſt repoſe,
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach it's native home.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE ſilver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals ſoftly through the night,
To wanton with the winding ſtream,
And kiſs reflected light.
To courts be gone, heart-ſoothing ſleep,
Where you've ſo ſeldom been,
Whilſt I May's wakeful vigils keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and ſwains expectant wait,
In primroſe chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May:
The nymphs and ſwains ſhall all declare
The promis'd May, when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouſe yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds diſtend their throats,
And hail the maid I love;
At her approach the lark miſtakes,
And quits the new-dreſs'd green:
Fond birds! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blitheſome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves diſportive play,
The feſtal dance young ſhepherds lead,
Or ſing their love-tun'd lay,

'Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin Queen;
The nymphs and ſwains exulting cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN mighty roaſt beef was the Engliſhman's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;
Our ſoldiers were brave, & our courtiers were good:
O the roaſt beef of Old England!
And O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef!

But ſince we have learnt, from all-conqu'ring France,
To eat their ragous, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing——but vain compliſance.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robuſt, ſtout and ſtrong,
And kept open houſe with good chear all day long,
Which made the plump tenants rejoice in this ſong.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to——what ſhall I name?
A ſneaking poor race, half begotten——and tame,
Who ſully thoſe honours that once ſhone in fame.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth ſat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or ſuch ſlip-ſlops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er ſhe did frown.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

In thoſe days, if fleets did preſume on the main,
They ſeldom or never return'd back again;
As witneſs the vaunting Armada of Spain.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

O then they had courage to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking to do themſelves right;
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

PATTY OF THE MILL.

FAR ſweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
Whoſe fragrance ſheds a rich perfume,
And all the meadows fill;
Much fairer than the lily blows,
More lovely than the bluſhing roſe,
Is Patty of the mill.

The neigb'ring ſwains her beauty fir'd,
With wonder ſtruck, they all admir'd,
And prais'd her from the hill:
Each ſtrove with all his ruſtic art,
To ſoothe and charm the honeſt heart
Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
A fixed heart, more true to love
Than turtles when they bill;
A chearful ſoul, a pleaſing grace,
And ſweet content, ſmiles in the face
Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
Exhalts the honeſt, virtuous mind,
And guards it from all ill:
Ye fair, for ever conſtant prove;
Be ever kind, be true to love,
Like Patty of the mill.

A GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

NOW we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wiſe men tell us,
Sing old roſe and burn the bellows.
When the bowl with claret glows,
And wiſdom ſhines upon the noſe,
O then's the time to ſing old roſe,
And burn the bellows.

DUETT.

How ſweet in the wood-lands, with fleet hound and horn
To waken ſhrill echo, and taſte the freſh morn:
But hard is the chace, my fond heart muſt purſue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne is loſt to my view.

Aſſiſt me, chaſte Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with diſdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as ſhe flies,
Tho' Daphne purſue, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

GLEE.

WITH my jug in one hand, & my pipe in the other,
I drink to my neighbour and friend;
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll ſmother,
For life I know ſhortly muſt end.
While Ceres moſt kindly refils my brown jug,
With good ale I will make myſelf mellow;
In my old wicker chair I will ſeat myſelf ſnug,
Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

GEORGE RIDLER'S OVEN.

(Inſerted by deſire.)

THE ſtones that built George Ridler's oven,
And they came from the Blackeney's quar,
And George he was a jolly old man,
And his head did grow above his hair.

One thing in George Ridler I muſt commend,
And that was for a notable thing;
He made his brags before he died,
With any three brothers his ſons ſhould ſing.

There was Dick the treble, and Jack the mean;
(Let every man ſing in his own place);
And George he was the elder brother,
And therefore he would ſing the baſs.

My hoſteſs's maid (her name was Nell)
A pretty wench, and I lov'd her well;
I lov'd her well, and the reaſon why,
Becauſe ſhe lov'd my dog and I.

My dog has got him ſuch a trick,
To viſit maids when they are ſick,
When they are ſick and like to die,
O thither go my dog and I.

My dog is good to catch a hen,
A duck or gooſe is meat for men;
And where good company I ſpy,
O thither go my dog and I.

My mother told me when I was young,
If I did follow the good ale pot,
That ale would prove my overthrow,
And I ſhould wear a thread-bare coat.

When I have three ſixpences under my thumb;
O then I am welcome wherever I come;
But when I have none, O then I paſs by,
'Tis poverty parts good company.

If I ſhould die, as it may hap,
My grave ſhall be under the ſtrong beer tap;
In folded arms there will I lie,
Cheek by jole my dog and I.

BALLAD, IN HARLEQUIN'S FREE-MASON.

HERE I was my good maſters, my name's Teddy Clinch,
My cattle are ſound, and I drive to an inch;
From Hyde-Park to Whitechapel I well know the town,
And many's the time I've took up and ſet down:
In ſhort, in the bills I'll be bound for't there's not
A young youth, who, like Teddy, can tip the long trot.

O the notions of life that I ſee from the box,
While fares of all kinds come about me in flocks:
The ſot, whom I drive home to ſleep out the day,
The kind one, who plies for a fare at the play;
Or, your gents of the law, there, who, four in a lot,
To Weſtminſter Hall I oft trip the long trot.

My coach receives all, like the gallows and ſea,
So I touch but my fare you know all's one to me;
The men of the gown, and the men of the ſword,
A ma'am or gambler, a rogue, or a lord;
To wherever you're going I well know the ſpot,
And, do you tip a tizzy, I'll tip the long trot.

AIR.

NATURE, to women ſtill ſo kind,
Among her beſt boons beſtowing;
What every female ſure muſt find,
A wond'rous deſire to be knowing.

Man, the proud and envious elf,
So jealous of diſcerning;
Deſcries in us, what he prides in himſelf,
The wiſh for whatever's worth learning:

SONG, IN THE QUAKER.

WOMEN are Will o' the Wiſps 'tis plain,
The cloſer they ſeem ſtill the more they retire;
They teaze you, and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of ſhelter,
Ding dong, helter ſkelter,
Through water and fire;
And, when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may baniſh,
And you're near the poſſeſſion of what you deſire,
That inſtant they vaniſh,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.

By ſome they're not badly compar'd to the ſea,
Which is calm & tempeſtuous within the ſame hour,
Some ſay they are Sirens, but take it from me,
They're a ſweet ſet of angels o'er man that have pow'r,
His perſon, his heart, and his reaſon to ſeize,
And lead the poor devil wherever they pleaſe.

BALLAD, IN THE COBLER.

'TWAS in a village near Caſtlebury,
A cobler and his wife did dwell;
And for a time no two ſo merry,
Their happineſs no tongue can tell.

But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
Something did happen that caus'd much ſtrife,
For going to a neighb'ring ale-houſe,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But though he treated her ſo vilely,
What did this wife, good creature, do?
Kept ſnug, and found a method ſlily,
To wring his heart quite through and through:

For Dick the tapſter, and his maſter,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes, by this diſaſter,
To gain the cobler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was ſold,
She ſeem'd t' appove what each was doing,
And got from each a purſe of gold.

So when the cobler's cares were over,
He ſwore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other but his wife.

HUNTING SONG.

HARK! the ſweet horn proclaims afar,
Againſt the ſtag the mimic war;
While future heroes hearts rebound,
And pant to hear the trumpet ſound.
The warlike genius of our iſle,
Who on the hunter deigns to ſmile,
In echoes gives the chaſe applauſe,
Which ſtrings the nerve for glory's cauſe;
Where'er the devious chaſe may bend,
Still freedom ſhall our ſteps attend;
And bid us, as her pleaſure riſe,
Defend the bleſſings which we prize.

THE CHEARFUL HIBERNIAN.

ALL you that are wiſe, & think life worth enjoying,
Or ſoldier or ſailor, by land or by ſea,
In loving and laughing your time be employing;
Your glaſs to your lip, and your laſs on your knee,
Come ſing away, honeys, and caſt off all ſorrow!
Though we all die to-day, let's be merry to-morrow
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
A moment of time to be joyous and free!
Come ſing, &c.

My lord and the biſhop, in ſpight of their ſplendour,
When death gives the call, from their glories
muſt part;
Your beautiful dame, when the ſummons is ſent her,
Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the heart.
Then ſing away, honeys, and caſt off your ſorrow!
Though you all die to-day, yet be merry to-morrow:
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
A cordial to cherriſh the ſorrowful heart!
Then ſing, &c.

For, riches and honor, then, why all this riot,
Your wrangling and jangling and all your alarms?
Arrah! burn you, my honeys, you'd better be quiet,
And take, while you can, a kind girl to your arms.
You'd better be ſinging, and caſting off ſorrow!
Though you all die to-day, ſure, be merry to-morrow
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
One moment to toy and enjoy her ſweet charms!
You'd better, &c.

THE PRAISE OF CHASTE LOVE.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous paſſion,
Source of all ſublime delights;
Which, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That falſe joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawleſs paſſion brings vexation;
But a chaſte and conſtant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the bliſsful ſtate above.

BALLAD, IN THE ISLANDERS.

THE ladies' faces, now adays,
Are various as their humours,
And on complexions oft we gaze,
Brought home from the perfumers.

For, hid as it were, beneath a cloak,
The beauty's falſe that wins you,
Then pardon me, by way of joke,
If I preſer my Dingy.

A handkerchief can rub away
Your roſes and your lilies;
The more you rub, the more you may,
My Dingy, dingy ſtill is.

Beſides, her hair is black as jet,
Her eyes are gems from India;
Rail as you liſt then, I ſhall yet,
For joke's ſake, love poor Dingy.

THE FRIAR AND NUN.

RECITATIVE.

IN Paris city, they report for truth,
There dwelt an active Prieſt, in prime of youth,
And in the convent, as ſome others ſay,
There liv'd a Nun, as blooming as the May;
The rev'rend Father ſigh'd for her in vain,
He dar'd not openly his love explain;
Her beauty fann'd the embers of deſire,
But looks auſtere quite damp'd the riſing fire.
At length kind fortune did his wiſhes bleſs,
For the fair Nun came to him to confeſs.
With great devotion ſhe her forehead ſign'd,
And thus reveal'd the troubles of her mind.

AIR.

Holy Father, believe, for my ſorrows I grieve,
And ſincerely repent each tranſgreſſion;
One fault above all, my mind does enthrall,
And torments me ſurpaſſing expreſſion.
Tho' to Heaven I'm bound, yet Cupid has found
The method to lead me aſtray;
Alas! I am frail, for Love would prevail,
Tho' Conſcience cry'd ſternly, Stay, ſtay.

RECITATIVE.

The jolly Prieſt, as near the fair he ſtood,
Feels genial warmth ſtir up his youthful blood;
Then ſmiling on the lovely ſuppliant fair,
He chuck'd her chin, and bade her not deſpair.

I know no harm there is in love, he ſaid,
Each ſex was for the other made.
The Church ordains it, and I know no fault,
If to the Church you yield up what you ought;
But 'tis a ſin, if any one ſhould feaſt
Upon thoſe charms, unleſs he is a Prieſt.

AIR.

Conſider how happy will be your condition,
If once you will form reſolution
To bed with a Prelate; you need no contrition,
For Prelates can give abſolution.
Then yield to my arms thy raviſhing charms,
Permit me thy beauties to riſle;
You know I can bleſs you, as well as confeſs you,
Beſides it is only a triſle.

THE SANDMAN'S WEDDING.

RECITATIVE.

AS Joe the Sandman drove his noble team
Of raw-rump'd aſſes, Sand-ho! was his theme;
Juſt as he turn'd the corner of a ſtreet,
His dear-lov'd Beſs the Bunter chanc'd to meet;
With joy cry'd Wo-a! did turn his quid and ſtare,
Firſt ſucks her head, and then addreſs'd the fair.

AIR.

Forgive me, if I praiſe thy charms,
Thy darting eyes, lips, neck, and arms;
Thy breaſts to Joe always appear
Like two ſmall hills of ſand, my dear.

Come wed, my dear, and let's agree,
Then of the gin club you'll be free;
No brickmaker or ragman's frow
Dare then reproach thee, Beſs, for Joe.
He is the kiddy, rum and queer,
That all St. Giles's boys do fear.

RECITATIVE.

Beſs, ſwell'd with gratitude, at length reply'd,
Muſt Joey proffer thus, and be deny'd?
No, no; my Joe ſhall have his heart's delight,
And we'll be wedded e'er we ſleep this night.
Well ſpoke, quoth Joe, no more need ſay;
Gee-up, Gallows; D'ye want any ſand to-day.

AIR.

Joe quickly his ſand had ſold, Sir,
And Beſs got a baſket of rags,
Then up to St. Giles's they ſtroll'd, Sir,
To every bunter Beſs brags.
Then unto the gin-ſhop they pike it,
Where Beſs was admitted, we hear;
For none of the crew dare but like it,
As Joey her kiddy was there.

Full of glee, until ten that they ſtarted,
For ſupper Joe ſent out a win,
A hog's-maw between them was parted,
After they had fill'd it with gin.

So it was on an old leather trunk, Sir,
Married they were, never to part;
But Beſſy ſhe being quite drunk, Sir,
Joe drove her away in the cart.

DUETT.

O ſay, ſimple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in croſſing the ocean?
When winds whiſtle ſhrilly, ah! won't they remind you,
To ſigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

Ah! no, I could follow, and ſail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover:
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to ſleep, whilſt we're rock'd by each billow.

O ſay then, my true love, we never will ſunder,
Nor ſhrink from the tempeſt, nor dread the big thunder;
Whilſt conſtant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

I'D RATHER BE EXCUS'D.

RETURNING from the fair one eve,
Acroſs yon verdant plain,
Young Harry ſaid he'd ſee me home;
A tight, a comely ſwain.
He begg'd I would a fairing take,
And would not be refus'd;
Then aſk'd a kiſs, I bluſh'd and cry'd,
I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, ſaid he, my pretty maid,
I mean no harm, I ſwear;
Long time I have in ſecret ſigh'd
For you, my charming fair:
But if my tenderneſs offend,
And if my love's refus'd,
I'll leave you—What, alone? cry'd I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

He preſs'd my hand, and on we walk'd,
He warmly urg'd his ſuit;
But ſtill to all he ſaid I was
Moſt obſtinately mute.
At length, got home, he angry cry'd,
My fondneſs is abus'd;
Then die a maid—Indeed, ſaid I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

CRUEL PEGGY.

NO more ſhall Harry fling the bar,
Or wreſtle on the green;
Or on the village feſtival
Proclaim his May-day Queen:
To throw the coit let others learn,
In vain to pleaſe I try;
What's all my ruſtic fame and ſkill,
When ſtill I painful ſigh,
Cruel, cruel, Peggy.

Like yonder once ſweet tender tree,
Our thriving loves appear'd;
To fence it from the ſeaſon's bane,
No labour has been ſpar'd;
But, ſtubborn to the planter's hand,
There grew no golden fruit;
The nurſling, choak'd with foreign weeds,
Will periſh at the root,
Cruel, cruel Peggy.

In infancy our prattling tongues
Liſp'd friendſhip, joy, and love;
The fabric that affection rear'd,
Ambition will remove.
There muſt be magic ſure in gold,
To make you prove untrue;
No magic can my joys reſtore,
Depriv'd of love and you,
Cruel, cruel Peggy.

PARSLEY'S NEW MEDLEY.

DEAR Sir, this brown jug,
That now foams with mild ale,
Out of which you now drink
To ſweet Kate of the vale,
Was once——

An old woman clothed in grey,
Whoſe daughter was charming and young,
She us'd for to moiſten her clay,
And as ſhe ſat drinking ſhe ſung:——

Lud, what care I for mam or dad,
Let them ſcold or bellow:
For while I live, I'll love my lad,
He is ſuch——

A monſter in England's a very fine ſhew,
Only ſtick up a bill, and away we all go;
A pig or a dog is ſure of applauſe,
But now we delight you with——

The laſs of Patie's Mill, ſo bonny, blithe and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill, has ſtole my——

Pounds, ſhillings, pence, and farthings,
I have at my fingers end;
And how to ſell, and how to buy,
To borrow or to——

Go vind the vicar of Taunton Dean,
And he'll tell, the bands were aſk;
A good fat capon he had for his pains,
And I ſent it home——

About twenty yerrs ago
  Ally Croaker made a great noiſe;
It was ſung about the ſtreets
  By all the little dirty boys.
Tho' her face was more fair than any yellow oker,
I'll ſing a better ſong, I think, about——

Young Lubin was a ſhepherd's boy,
  Fair Roſalie a ruſtic maid;
They look'd, they lov'd, each other's joy,
  Together they——

Went up Holborn-hill in a cart;
They went up Holborn-hill,
At St. Giles's drank their fill,
And at Tyburn made their will, in a——

A voyage over ſeas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known but on which ſide to butter my bread,
Heigh-ho, ſure I for hunger muſt die;
I've ſail'd like a booby, come here in a ſquall,
Where, alas!——

There's no doubt but you've heard of the famous
    Lord Croaker,
A very great man, and a very great joker;
In the courſe of my ditty, you'll find it is true,
As the ſtory was told——

By moon-light, on the green,
  Where lads and laſſes ſtray;
How ſweet the bloſſom bean,
  How ſweet the new-made hay;
But not to me ſo ſweet
  The bloſſoms on the thorn,
As when my lad I meet,
  More freſh than——

The Britiſh Lion is my ſign,
A roaring trade I drive on;
Right Engliſh uſage—and French wine,
A landlady may thrive on.
At table d'hotte, to eat and drink,
Let French and Engliſh mingle;
For while to me they bring the chink,
Faith, let the glaſſes jingle,
Your rhino rattle, &c. &c.

JOVIAL COMPANIONS.

COME, come, my jolly lads!
The wind's abaft;
Briſk gales our ſails ſhall crowd:
Come buſtle, buſtle, boys,
Haul the boat;
The boatſwain pipes aloud:
The ſhip's unmoor'd;
All hands on board;
The riſing gale
Fills ev'ry ſail,
The ſhip's well mann'd and ſtor'd.

Then ſling the flowing bowl—
Fond hopes ariſe—
The girls we prize
Shall bleſs each jovial ſoul:
The can, boys, bring—
We'll drink and ſing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spaniſh coaſt
We're bound to ſteer,
We'll ſtill our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be ſteady, boys,
Soon we'll ſee
Old England once again:
From ſhore to ſhore
While cannons roar,
Our tars ſhall ſhew
The haughty foe,
Britannia rules the main.

Then ſling the flowing bowl, &c.

JOLLY BACCHUS.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleaſure;
Let none at the cares of life repine,
To deſtroy our pleaſure:
Fill up the mighty ſparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal ſoul
May drink and ſing without controul,
To ſupport our pleaſure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, ſhalt thou be
Guardian to our pleaſure;
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleaſure.
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their ſtay,
And ſing thy praiſes that we may
Live and die with pleaſure.

BALLAD, IN POOR VULCAN.

COME, every man now give his toaſt,
Fill up the glaſs, I'll tell you mine;
Wine is the miſtreſs I love moſt,
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

Well ſaid, my lad, ne'er let it ſtand,
I give you Chloe, nymph divine,
May love and wine go hand in hand;
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

Fill up your glaſſes to the brink,
Hebe let no one dare decline;
'Twas Hebe taught me firſt to drink:
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

Gemmen, I give my wife;
May all to make her bleſt combine;
So ſhe be far enough from me:
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

Let conſtant lovers at the feet
Of pale fac'd wenches ſigh and pine,
For me, the firſt kind girl I meet
Shall be my toaſt—now give me thine.

You toaſt your wife, and you your laſs,
My boys and welcome; here's the wine;
For my part, he who fills my glaſs
Shall be my toaſt—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toaſt away,
I have ſtill one with yours to join;
That we may have enough to pay:
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

Tho' to the Spaniſh coaſt
We're bound to ſteer,
We'll ſtill our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be ſteady, boys,
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Shall be my toaſt—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toaſt away,
I have ſtill one with yours to join;
That we may have enough to pay:
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

BALLAD, IN THE COBLER.

'TWAS in a village near Caſtlebury,
A cobler and his wife did dwell;
And for a time no two ſo merry,
Their happineſs no tongue can tell:
But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
Something did happen that caus'd much ſtrife,
For, going to a neighb'ring alehouſe,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But though he treated her ſo vilely,
What did this wife, good creature, do?
Kept ſnug, and found a method ſlily,
To wring his heart quite through and through:
For Dick the tapſter, and his maſter,
By the report that then was riſe,
Were both in hopes by this diſaſter,
To gain the cobler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was ſold,
She ſeem'd t' approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purſe of gold.
So when the cobler's cares were over,
He ſwore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other but his wife.

BALLAD, IN POOR VULCAN.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my cloaths, and I call'd to my groom;
And, my head heavy ſtill, from the fumes of laſt night,
Took a bumper of brandy to ſet all things right;
And now were well ſaddled Fleet, Dapple & Grey,
Who ſeem'd longing to hear the glad ſound hark away.

Will Whiſtle by this had uncoupl'd his hounds,
Whoſe extacy nothing could keep within bounds:
Firſt forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then Snare,
Three better ſtaunch harriers ne'er ſtarted a hare;
Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and then Tray,
All ready to open at hark, hark away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the ſound of the horn;
Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the gun,
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made one,
Who, while we were jogging on blitheſome & gay,
Sung a ſong, and the chorus was—Hark, hark away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had every buſh beat,
And no ſigns of madam, nor trace of her feet;
Nay, we juſt had begun our ſad fortunes to curſe,
When all of a ſudden out ſtarts Mrs. Puſs;
Men, horſes, and dogs all the glad call obey,
And echo was heard to cry—Hark, hark away.

The chaſe was a fine one, ſhe took o'er the plain,
Which ſhe doubled, & doubled, & doubled again;
Till at laſt ſhe to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whiſtle were in at the death;
Then in triumph for you I the hare did diſplay,
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark away.

SONG.

WHEN Freedom was baniſh'd from Greece and from Rome,
And wander'd, neglected, in ſearch of a home;
Jove, willing to fix her where long ſhe might ſtand,
Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land.
Derry down, down; down, derry down.

With nice circumſpection he view'd the whole ball,
And weigh'd in his balance the merits of all;
Then quickly determin'd that England, alone,
Was the ſpot well adapted for Liberty's throne.
Derry down, &c.

So inſtant convening the deities round,
He told them a dwelling for Freedom he'd found;
And beg'd that each god would ſome bounty impart
To a land from whence Liberty ne'er ſhould depart.
Derry down, &c.

Then Mars boldly ſtep'd from his miſtreſs's ſide,
And ſwore that the Britons in war ſhould preſide;
While Bacchus declar'd that each heart-cheering juice
For the uſe of true Engliſhmen, he would produce.
Derry down, &c.

Merry momus then roſe, & beg'd they would admit
He might give them a ſpice of the true Attic wit;
And venus declar'd, if 'twas pleaſing to Jove,
She could wiſh to make England the empire of love.
Derry down, &c.

To render complete all the bleſſings now paſt,
And provide that they might to eternity laſt,
It was inſtant reſolv'd that a toaſt ſhould be giv'n,
And drank in a bumper by each one in heaven.
Derry down, &c.

The words of the toaſt, as it ſtands on record,
Were, "Britons with Britons together accord;
"By your enemies, then, you ſhall always be fear'd,
"And with wine, wit, & women, inceſſantly cheer'd."
Derry down, &c.

Then let each ſon of Freedom, who theſe lines approves,
Fill his glaſs to the brim in the liquor he loves,
And join me in drinking "Confuſion to thoſe,
"Who, Engliſhmen born, are ſtill Engliſhmen's foes."
Derry down, down; down, derry down.

SONG.

AS Hebe was tending her ſheep t'other day,
Where the warblers whiſtle and ſing,
A rural young ſwain came tripping that way,
As briſk and as blithe as a king.

The youth was a ſtranger to trouble and care,
Contentment e'er guided his will,
Yet ever regarded the ſmiles of the fair,
Though always bred up in a mill.

Love ſtole in his breaſt at the ſight of the maid,
For he could not her charms but adore;
" And if thou art cruel, dear Hebe," he ſaid,
" I ſurely ſhall love you the more."
Such tenderneſs melted her into ſurprize,
(For Hebe was never unkind)
And all of a ſudden love glow'd in her eyes,
Which ſpoke the dictates of her mind.

They ſat themſelves down at the foot of a hill,
And chatted together ſo free,
Till Ralph, the young ſwain, made ſigns to the mill,
Whilſt claſping the nymph on his knee,
And thus, in a tranſport, the miller reply'd,
" Thy charms, deareſt girl, are divine!"
Then preſs'd her ſweet lips, and with rapture he cry'd,
" O Hebe! conſent to be mine.

She liſten'd attentive to all his requeſt,
And freely comply'd to his will;
And now, to her ſolace, ſhe's marry'd, and bleſt
With honeſt young Ralph of the mill.
Peace follows their footſteps wherever they go,
In bliſs all their hours are ſpent;
But, leaders of faſhion, I'd have you to know,
Their " happineſs flows from content."

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, Why ſhould man be vain,
Since bounteous Heaven hath made him great?
Why looketh he with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undec'd with wealth or ſtate?
Can coſtly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſceptr'd king, the burden'd ſlave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles bore;
Their wealth and glory are bereft,
And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor through the ſkies,
And ſpreads along a gilded train;
When ſhot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls,
For when Jove calls we muſt obey.

†

THE DAY MAGISTRATE, A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

ABOUT the time when buſy faces meet,
And carts and coaches rumble in each ſtreet;
When madam riſes, and the tea-things rattle,
And all the ſex prepare for general tattle,
The maudlin libertines are let to know,
They muſt, attended, to the juſtice go:
A coach is call'd—they to his worſhip ſteer,
To be, or ſent to Bridewell, or ſet clear.
His worſhip o'er his chocolate attends,
To puniſh foes, and to oblige his friends;
With air important, then demands the cauſe
Why they are brought, and for what breach of laws
In ſober ſadneſs the grave chief explains,
The bucks trangreſſion, and his——want of brains.

AIR.

Your worſhip muſt know,
Ten hours ago
Which was in the dead of the night;
Theſe ſparks play'd the devil,
In manner uncivil,
And throw'd us all into a fright.
My men's heads they broke,
And call'd it a joke,
And made twenty lamps for to rattle;
But being ſurrounded,
They ſoon were confounded,
And vanquiſh'd and taken in battle.

RECITATIVE.

His worſhip heard, and ſtrok'd his under jaw,
Then look'd authority, and gave an haw;
Turn'd o'er the ſtatutes, and the riot act,
And talk'd of quint, and quart, & doubt, & fact:
But the young blades, to mollify the cauſe,
And ſmooth the aſpect of hard featur'd laws,
Begg'd that they might a private word expreſs,
Which was acceded to with readineſs;
Then, humbly pray'd, their raſhneſs he'd forget,
And they'd remain for ever in his debt;
And with reſpect, and great ſubmiſſion ſhewn,
They hop'd he'd make a trifling gift his own;
This generous ſpirit in each culprit ſpark,
Produc'd theſe orders to his worſhip's clerk.

AIR.

Clerk, write a diſcharge,
And ſet theſe at large;
For, faith they are men of condition:
'Tis true, they tranſgreſs'd,
But now they've expreſs'd,
For their folly, much grief and contrition.
For juſtice, ſometimes,
Should wink at ſmall crimes,
Of rigour relax, and be kind:
The poor I commit;
But pay, and ſubmit,
You'll find me, as painted, quite blind.

BALLAD, IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I was, d'ye ſee, a waterman,
As tight and ſpruce as any,
'Twixt Richmond town
And Horſly down
I earn'd an honeſt penny:
None could of fortune's favors brag
More than could lucky I,
My cot was ſnug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in the ſty.
With wherry tight
And boſom light
I cheerfully did row,
And, to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like theſe awhile,
Folks far and near careſs'd me,
Till, woe is me,
So lubberly
The preſs-gang came and preſs'd me;
How could I all theſe pleaſures leave?
How with my wherry part?
I never ſo took on to grieve,
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gave the word
To foreign parts to go,
I rued the moment I was born,
That ever I ſhould thus be torn
From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
While on the billows rolling,
And night and day
Could find my way
Blindfold to the main-top bowling:
Thus all the dangers of the main,
Quicksands, and gales of wind,
I brav'd, in hopes to taste again
The joys I left behind:
In climes afar,
The hottest war,
Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
In hopes these perils to relate,
As by my side attentive sate,
My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
To give peace to the nation,
And honest hearts,
From foreign parts,
Came home for consolation:
Like lightning—for I felt new life,
Now safe from all alarms—
I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
Lock'd in each others arms!
Yet fancy not
I bore my lot
Tame, like a lubber:—No,
For seeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
My Poll and my partner Joe.

BALLAD, IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I am a jolly fiſherman,
I catch what I can get,
Still going on my betters' plan,
All's fiſh that comes to net:
Fiſh, juſt like men, I've often caught,
Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, codfiſh,
And many a time to market brought
A dev'liſh ſight of odd fiſh.
Thus all are fiſhermen through life,
With wary pains and labour,
This baits with gold, and that a wife,
And all to catch his neighbour:

Then praiſe the jolly fiſherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters' plan,
All's fiſh that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw,
For all the world, as you and I,
Have ſeen your man of law:
He who to lazineſs devotes
His time is ſure a numb fiſh,
And members who give ſilent votes
May fairly be called dumb fiſh:
Falſe friends to eels we may compare,
The roach reſembles true ones;
Like gold-fiſh we find old ones rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.

Then praiſe, &c.

Like fiſh then mortals are a trade,
And trap'd, and ſold, and bought,
The old wife and the tender maid
Are both with tickling caught;
Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis ſaid,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or ſomething red,
Or any thing that's ſhining:
With ſmall fiſh you muſt lie in wait
For thoſe of high condition,
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learned phyſician.
Then praiſe, &c.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

THERE was a miller's daughter
Liv'd in a certain village,
Who made a mighty ſlaughter:—
For I'd have you to know,
Both friend and foe,
The clown and the beau,
She always laid low;
And her portion, as I underſtand,
Was three acres of land,
Beſides a mill,
That never ſtood ſtill,
Some ſheep and a cow,
A harrow and plough,
And other things for tillage:—
What d'ye think of the miller's daughter?

This miller's pretty daughter
Was a damſel of ſuch fame, Sir,
That knights and 'ſquires ſought her;
But they ſoon were told
That ſome were too bold,
And ſome too cold,
And ſome too old;
And ſhe gave them to underſtand,
That, though they were grand,
She'd never be ſold:
For ſays Betty, ſays ſhe,
"Since my virtue to me
"Is dearer than gold,
"You may go from whence you came, Sir.
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter.

But when this miller's daughter
Saw Ned, the morrice dancer,
His perſon quickly caught her;
For who ſo clean
Upon the green,
As Ned was ſeen,
For her his queen:—
Then blithe as a king,
His bells he'd ring,
And dance, and ſing,
Like any thing:—
Says he, "My life,
"woot be my wife?"
A bluſh, and yes, was Betty's anſwer.
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

CATCH.

HARK the bonny Chriſt-church bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
They ſound ſo woundy great, ſo wond'rous ſweet,
And they troul ſo merrily, merrily,
Hark! the firſt and ſecond bell, that every day at four and ten,
Cry come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
And the verger trips before the dean.
Tingle, tingle ting, goes the ſmall bell, at nine,
To call the berer's home
But the de'l a man will leave his can
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

O WHAT A CHARMING THING'S A BATTLE.

O What a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets ſounding, drums a beating;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle,
Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
With what pleaſure are we ſpying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the ſmoaky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets, flying!
Then the groans of ſoldiers dying;
Juſt like ſparrows, as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop;

While the muſkets prittle prattle!
Kill'd and wounded,
Lie confounded;
What a charming thing's a battle!
But the pleaſant joke of all,
Is when to cloſe attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, ſtabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horſe, and foot,
All go to't,
Kill's the word, both men and cattle:
Then to plunder,
Blood and thunder;
What a charming thing's a battle!

THE VALENTINE OF HOPELESS LOVE.

WAK'D by the breath of Spring, in ev'ry vale,
The latent primroſe rears her ſickly head;
The virgin ſnow-drop decks her verdant bed;
And vi'lets blue perfume the paſſing gale.

The tuneful linnet plumes her ſpeckled wing;
The tender ſtock-dove cooes in ev'ry grove;
The ſoaring lark ſings loud the ſong of love—
All nature owns thy influence—genial Spring!

All—all but me!—condemn'd by wayward Fate
To bear Love's keeneſt arrow in my breaſt;
'Tis vain to wiſh—to hope, alas!—too late—
No change of ſeaſon brings my boſom reſt.

A tear from thee is all the boon I crave,
To wet the with'ring ſod that marks my grave.

ARTHUR'S GAY TABLE.

ROUND Arthur's gay table ſome love to be gambling,
Squand'ring their caſh at their creditor's coſt;
While ſome to the plains of Newmarket love rambling,
Blund'ring too oft the wrong ſide the poſt:
But pleaſure inviting, and women delighting,
My ſpirits exhale, and enrapture the moſt.
With theſe ev'ry vapour I chaſe,
Rejecting the fiend of Deſpair,
Look Poverty full in the face,
And kick up the crutches of Care.

Ye formal, methodical ſons of ſobriety,
Phlegmatical and cold, to feſtivity coy,
Who ne'er knew the pleaſures of mirthful ſociety,
Whoſe larum of life ſeldom wakes into joy;
Adieu to ſuch notions! for Bacchus's potions,
Inſpiring good humour, far better I prize:
Go preach your dull maxims elſewhere,
Shake your noddles, and ſeem to look wiſe;
To me your dull precepts forbear;
Believe me your cant I deſpiſe.

What Pope has aſcrib'd to the fountain poetical,
Holds good with reſpect to the grape's purple ſtream,
Maintain it I will againſt all that are critical,
However abſurd the maxims may ſeem.
With draughts that are ſhallow the head s over mellow
Then ſnap goes the axis that holds up the brain:
But drinking large bumpers inſpires
The animal flow of each vein;
Rekindles the ſoul's dying fires,
And makes us all ſober again.

Then take off your bumpers, you ſons of virility,
So ſhall ye triumph o'er Bacchus's tun:
Be merry, my boys, and enjoy riſibility;
Happineſs riſes from laughter and fun.
To make the glaſs ſweeter, our pleaſures completer,
Dear Woman ſteps in with a look debonair;
She the waſte of Love's ledger repairs,
She makes herſelf kind as ſhe's fair:
Her hand moſt good-natur'dly tears
Ev'ry leaf from the volume of Care.

SONG.

IF life is a bubble, and breaks with a blaſt,
You muſt toſs off your wine, if you'd wiſh it to laſt;
For this bubble may well be deſtroy'd with a puff,
If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flow'r, as Philoſophers ſay,
'Tis a very good hint, underſtood the right way:
For if life is a flow'r, any blockhead can tell,
If you'd have it look freſh, you muſt moiſten it well.

This life is more than a journey 'tis ſaid,
Where the roads, for moſt parts, are confoundedly bad;
Then let wine be our ſpur, and each trav'ler will own
That whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a Theatre, liken'd has been,
Where each man around has a part in the ſcene:
'Tis our part to get drunk, and 'tis matter of fact,
That the more you all drink, boys, the better you'll act.

This life is a dream, in which many will weep,
Who have ſtrange ſilly fancies, and cry in their ſleep;
But for us, when we wake from our dream, 'twill be ſaid
That the tears from the tankard were all that we ſhed.

BONNY BET.

NO more I'll court the town bred fair,
Who ſhines in artificial beauty,
For native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, reſpect and duty.

CHORUS.

O my bonny, bonny Bet, ſweet bloſſom.
Was I a king, ſo proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's boſom.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Yet, aſk me where thoſe beauties lie,
I cannot ſay in ſmile or dimple,
In blooming cheeks or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature wild and ſimple.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And ſigh in numbers trite and common,
Ye gods one darling wiſh be mine,
And all I aſk is lovely woman.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

†

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

TO my muse give attention, and deem it not mystery,
If we jumble together music, poetry and history;
The times to display in the reign of Queen Bess, sir,
Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless, sir.

CHORUS.

O the golden days of good Queen Bess,
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering bravadoes;
For he knew how to manage both the musket and the bow, sir,
And cou'd bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a crow, sir.

O the golden days, &c:

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were thatch'd, sir,
Our windows where lattic'd, our doors only latch'd sir,
Yet so few were the folks that would plunder and rob sir
That the hangman was starving for the want of a job, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about the neck faſt,
Would gobble up a pound of beef ſtakes for their breakfaſt;
While a cloſe quilted coif their noddles juſt did fit, ſir,
And they truſs'd up as tight as a rabbit for the ſpit, ſir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worſted horſe-ſir,
With a pair of huge whiſker, was the dreſs of our beaus, ſir;
Strong beer they prefer'd to claret or to hock, ſir,
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, ſir.

O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood was then as plenty too as beef, ſir,
And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief, ſir;
While merry went the mill clack, the ſhuttle and the plow, ſir,
And honeſt men could live by the ſweet of their brow, ſir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks every ſunday went twice at leaſt to church, ſir,
And never left the parſon on the ſermon in the lurch, ſir;
For they judg'd the ſabbath was for people to be good in
And they thought it ſabbath-breaking if they din'd without pudding.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were great, ſir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the ſtate, ſir;
For the ſov'reign and the ſubject one Intereſt ſupported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted

O the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives, ſir
Bright examples of glory to thoſe who ſurvive, ſir;
May we their deſcendants purſue the ſame ways, ſir,
That King George, like Queen Beſs, may have his golden days, ſir.

CHORUS.

And may a longer reign of glory and ſucceſs,
Make his name eclipſe the fame of good Queen Beſs.

O FYE FOR SHAME.

AS thro' the grove I chanc'd to ſtray,
I met young Phillis on her way;
I flew like light'ning to her arms,
And gaz'd in rapture on her charms;
Her looks reveal'd a modeſt flame,
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, O fye for ſhame.

With eager haſte I ſtole a kiſs,
Which bluſhing Phillis took amiſs;
She puſh'd me from her with a frown,
And call'd me bold preſuming clown;

While I confeſs'd myſelf to blame,
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, O fye for ſhame.

In tender ſighs I told my love,
And pleg'd my faith on things above;
But ſhe, like all her ſex, was coy,
And, tho' I ſwore, would not comply;
Yet I perceiv'd ſhe met my flame,
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, O fye for ſhame.

When this I ſaw, I quickly cry'd,
Will lovely Phillis be my bride;
For hark, I hear the tinkling bell;
To church let's go?—It pleas'd her well;
And ſoon a kind compliance came,
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, O fye for ſhame.

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,
The joys we taſte to few are known,
No jealous fears our boſoms move;
For conſtant each, we truly love.
She now declares I'm not to blame,
Nor longer cries, O fye for ſhame.

HE'LL STEAL YOUR TENDER HEARTS AWAY.

BY moſſy brook and flow'ry plain,
I fondly ſeek my ſhepherd ſwain;
Tell me, ſweet maidens, have ye ſeen
The gentle Damon on the green:
Avoid the danger while you may,
He'll ſteal your tender hearts away.

Peaſuaſion ſmiles whene'er he ſpeaks,
And roſy dimples deck his cheeks,
Blooming as health, as Hebe fair,
The graces twine his auburn hair;
Loves in his ſunny eye-beams play,
That ſtole my tender heart away.

Sweet wreaths of flow'rs he wove for me,
Laſt night, beneath the hawthorn-tree;
Bewitching are his tales of love,
Propitious may they ever prove;
For Damon, gentle, kind, and gay,
Has ſtole my tender heart away.

SONG.

ONE Midſummer morning, when nature look'd gay,
The birds full of ſong, and the flocks full of play;
When earth ſeem'd to anſwer the ſmiles from above,
And all things proclaim'd it the ſeaſon of love:
My mother cry'd, Nancy, come haſte to the mill,
If the corn be not ground, you may ſcold if you will.

The freedom to uſe my tongue pleas'd me, no doubt,
A woman, alas! would be nothing without:
I went to'ard the mill without any delay,
And conn'd o'er the words I intended to ſay;
But when I came near it, I found it ſtock ſtill;
Bleſs my ſtars, now I cry'd, huff'em rarely I will.

The miller that inſtant to market was gone,
The work was all left to the care of his ſon;

Now tho' I can ſcold well as any one can,
Yet I thought 'twould be wrong to ſcold the young man.
I ſaid, I'm ſurpris'd you can uſe me ſo ill;
Sir, I muſt have my corn ground I muſt and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the neglect is not mine,
No corn in the town I'd grind ſooner than thine,
There's no one more ready in pleaſing the fair,
The mill ſhall go merrily round, I declare:
But hark how the birds ſing, and ſee how they bill!
Now I muſt have a kiſs firſt, I muſt and I will.

My corn being done, I to'ard home bent my way;
He wiſper'd he'd ſomething of moment to ſay,
Inſiſted to hand me along the green mead,
And there ſwore he lov'd me, indeed and indeed;
And that he'd be conſtant and true to me ſtill,
So ſince that I've lik'd him, and like him I will.

I often, ſay mother, the miller I'll huff;
She laughs, and cries, go girl, aye, plague him enough;
And ſcarce a day paſſes, but by her deſire,
I ſteal a ſly kiſs from the youth I admire.
If wedlock he wiſhes, his wiſh I'll fulfil;
And I'll anſwer Oh yes, with a hearty good will.

BALLAD, IN THE MISCHANCE.

O Think on the time when you came home at night,
And ſup'd upon muſcles, no lily more white,
When I uſed to provide you with many a treat
Of as fine Melton oyſters as ever were eat.

Now ſee what a change! all the muſcles for me
May be trod under foot, or thrown into the ſea;
My Joey is falſe! and the once ſprightly tone
With which I cry'd oyſters, is ſunk to a drone.

When the laſt kit of ſalmon we ſat down to broach,
And you told me your heart was as ſound as a roach,
How ſweet was my temper, what joys did I feel!
Little thinking you'd ſlip through my hands like an eel
But my temper's now chang'd—I, that once was ſo mild,
And was thought to be gentle and meek as a child;
So cruſty am grown I ne'er ſpeak a word civil,
And my cuſtomers ſay I'm as croſs as the devil.

My ſtall was ſo clean, and my tubs were ſo white,
They were perfectly—people would tell me—a ſigh:
I liſten'd with joy when the folks told me ſo,
For my ſtall and my tubs were both ſcower'd for Joe:
But now they're all dirty, neglected they lie,
I oft take them up, and as oft throw them by;
For his ſake I pleaſure in cleaning them found,
He has left me, and now they're as black as the ground.

SONG.

BRISK wine and women are
The ſource of all our joys;
A brimmer ſoftens ev'ry care,
And beauty never cloys:
Then let us drink and love,
While yet our hearts are gay;
Women and wine, by all approv'd,
Are bleſſings night and day.

DRUNKEN SONG.

OH! what a misfortune befel me to-day } *Twice.*
As I look'd for a pretty young girl ; }
They tumbled me into a large butt of ſtrong beer,
I thought to be drowned therein :
Be drowned therein, be drowned therein ;
I thought to be drowned therein.

But what is the reaſon I reel thus about ? } *Twice.*
I'm afraid the beer's got in my head ; }
I reel to and fro, like a ſhip in a ſtorm,
Oh! I wiſh I was ſafe in my bed ;
Safe in my bed, ſafe in my bed ;
Oh! I wiſh I was ſafe in my bed.

SONG.

WHEN firſt I ſaw Chloe I pray'd for a kiſs,
She frown'd, and cri'd, pr'ythee, ſwain, don't ;
I always think freedoms ſo cloſe are amiſs,
And take my word for it, I won't.

Too cloſe ! I reply'd, can a lover too cloſe
Approach the dear charmer he loves ?
He can't, ev'ry ſhepherd that's happy well knows,
And never a damſel diſproves.

*

Sly cupid now wiſper'd, why beg for a kiſs,
Conſider your manhood's at ſtake;
Each beauty deſpiſes a queſtion like this,
'Tis your's not to aſk but to take?

A lover with boldneſs a fair ſhould attack;
'Tis conduct in them to be ſhy;
And once their ſweet lips if you heartily ſmack,
They'll never once after deny.

Encouraged by this, I determin'd to preſs
The prettieſt of nymps ever known,
Till my heart beat with tranſport, to ſuch an exceſs,
That her boſom grew warm as my own.

A manly aſſurence, where love is ſincere,
In lovers ſhews prudence and ſkill;
And now when I cry, ſhall I kiſs you, my dear?
Her anſwer's, you may if you will.

SONG.

THO' prudence may preſs me,
And duty diſtreſs me,
Againſt inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, ſays, my Henry is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From ſweet to ſweet ranging,
A roſe ſhould he light on ne'er wiſhes to ſtray;
With raptures poſſeſſing
In one ev'ry bleſſing,
Till torn from her boſom he flies far away.

SONG.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiſs but in the cup,
And I'll look not for wine:
The thirſt that from my ſoul doth riſe,
Doth aſk a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar ſip.
I wou'd not change for thine.

I ſent thee late a roſy wreathe,
Not ſo much hon'ring thee;
As giving it a hope that there
It would not wither'd be:
But thou theron didſt only breathe,
And ſent it back to me;
Since when it grows and ſmells, I ſwear,
Not of itſelf, but thee.

A BUCK'S SONG.

WOULD you taſte the perfume of the morn,
While the dew-drops beſpangle the thorn;
Hark, away, when the ſounds
Of the merry-mouth'd hounds
Keep time with the mellow-ton'd horn;
Ere phœbus with round ruddy face
The tops of the mountains ſhall grace,
To the ſports of the day
Brother bucks haſte away,
Purſue with new vigour the chaſe.

It was nimrod, the jovial and gay,
Who firſt taught us to hunt for the prey;
And with full-flowing bowls
To enliven our ſouls,
And joyouſly finiſh the day:
Due homage then pay to the ſhrine,
Pour mighty libations of wine;
Fill up to the brink,
To his mem'ry let's drink,
Proclaim our great founder, divine.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Marg'rets grimly ghoſt,
Aud ſtood at William's feet,

Her face was like the april-morn,
Clad in a wint'ry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held the ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe the kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew:
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
And op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the cancer-worn,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake ſhe cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dark and fearful hour,
When ingur'd ghoſts complain;
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my lip was ſweet,
And make the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more 's fair;
  That lip no longer red;
Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,
  And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
  This winding-ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
  Till that laſt morn appear.

But Hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
  A long and laſt adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man! how low ſhe lies,
  That dy'd for love of you.

Now birds did ſing, and morning ſmile,
  And ſhew her glitt'ring head;
Pale William ſhook in ev'ry limb,
  Then raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
  Where Marg'rets body lay,
And ſtreach'd him on the green-graſs turf
  That wrapt her breathleſs clay:

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
  And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
  And word ſpake never more.

I KEN HE LOO'S ME WEEL.

BESIDE the burn the other day,
I tun'd my ſimple ſang;
Young Jockey, tripping, came that way,
And play'd his pipe alang:
Upon the bank he took his ſeat,
And fain a kiſs would ſteal;
I roſe, and quickly did retreat,
Yet ken he loo's me weel.

Dear Peggy, then the loon he cry'd,
Do not my ſuit diſdain;
Or treat wi' ſcornful airs and pride,
An honeſt hearty ſwain:
I've ewes and lambs, that graze the mead,
To truth I can appeal;
They ſhall be yours, ſweet laſs, indeed,
If you will loo me weel.

The ſhepherd look'd and talk'd ſo ſweet,
Gude faith he won my heart;
For pit-a-pat, I felt it beat;
To frown I had no heart.
Meſs John the happy knot has ty'd,
Content is mine I feel;
There canna be a happier bride,
Becauſe he loo's me weel.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a laſs,
More bright than May-day morn;
Whoſe charms all other maids ſurpaſs,
A roſe without a thorn.
This laſs ſo neat, with ſmiles ſo ſweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns reſign to call her mine,
Sweet laſs of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove;
O whiſper to my charming fair—
I die for her and love.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

How happy will the ſhepherd be,
Who calls his nymph his own;
O may the choice be fix'd on me—
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

LE VERROU.

I ONCE had a lover, that tried ev'ry art
To make me believe he was honeſt at heart;
He call'd me a Goddeſs, Diana, and Dear—
To my chamber I flew—he follow'd me there:
In vain the purſuit, tho' he vow'd to prove true,
My only protection was—dear Le Verrou.

In ſolitude oft flow'd the heart-grieving tear,
In vain were his ſighs, for I ſcorn'd to give ear:
His ſentiments feigned—all deception and plot,
He'd love me for ever, but marry me not.
So I bade him get hence, no longer purſue;
The chamber door ſhut—he ſigh'd—Oh! Le Verrou.

Thus, men are all falſe, tho' by beauty inſpir'd,
The paſſion of virtue is ſeldom admir'd:
Th' old, ugly, decrepid—men call them all fair,
And will not dare wed, tho' to trifle will dare;
So to dear little love I now bid adieu,
'Till Hymen himſelf ſhall remove Le Verrou.

EDWIN'S MEDLEY.

JOVE in his chair,
Of the ſky Lord May'r,
With nods,
Men and gods
Keeps in awe;
And they ſing fal de ral tit—tit fal de ra—tit fal de rae.
And they ſing—non nobis, domine, and fal lal di id de id ide bow wow wow.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches—for—

Amo amas
I love a laſs,
As a cedar tall and ſlender,
Sweet cowſlip's grace—is—

Her buttons a farthing a pair—come my brave boys,
Will you buy buttons a farthing a pair, any will you buy.

A long tail pig, or a ſhort tail pig, or a pig without e'er a tail,
A ſow pig, or a boar pig, or a pig—

That kiſs'd and prattl'd with fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft, d'ye ſee,
That kiſs'd and that prattl'd—with—

All the girls in our town,
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
That dance and prance it up and down,
There's none like.

Bet bloſſom went there and ſoon met with a friend,
—folks ſay,

If love's a ſweet paſſion, why ſhould it torment—

For my name is honeſt Harry, oh!
Mary I will marry oh!
In ſpite of Nell,
Or Iſabel,
I'll follow my own vagary, oh!
With my rigdum, jigdum, airy oh!—I love—

Two bunches a penny, primroſes, two bunches a penny.

Ye ſcamps, ye pads, ye divers,
And all upon the lay,
In tothill-fields gay ſheep walk,

As Celia was learning on her ſpinnet to play,
She kept me quite under her thumb,
Toſs'd my hat and my wig about,
If I ſaid aught but mum;
Twirl'd me like a gig about,
Making my body a drum,
Trevally beating a jig about;
I was oblidg'd to go glum,
Like an old grunting pig about,
Making my body a drum, oh!

Can't you ſee by my hunch, ſir—faddledy, daddledy, dino,
I am maſter punch, ſir, ribbery bibbery bino,
Faddledy, daddledy, fiddledy, diddledy, robbery, bobbery,
Ribbery, bibbery, faddledy, daddledy, dino, rlbbery, bibbery—

Turn about, turn about, that's right, depen'd on't,
Hands acroſs and back again, and now there's an end on't.

THE DEVIL MAY TAKE YOU FOR ME.

I'VE laugh'd & have rambl'd with many young blades
As hearty, as hearty, as hearty could be;
With well powder'd wig, & with harmleſs cockades,
And pray what d'ye think of me?

With high-headed ladies I've flaunted along,
More beauty I never could ſee;
I kiſs'd, and I prattl'd, and ſung them a ſong,
And pray what d'ye think of me?

I found by their eyes they were charm'd with my face
For love pictur'd blind can ſee;
Then I ogled, & ſmil'd, & I look'd with ſuch grace,
Pray what d'ye think of me?

You are witty, and pretty, I needs muſt declare,
As any young damſel can be;
But if ſo you're wanton, I tell you, my dear,
The devil may take you for me.

AIR.

THE ſummer heats beſtowing,
Their influence on the roſe,
Perfects its charms when blowing,
And every ſweet diſcloſe.

Yet ſummer ſuns denying
The zephyr and the ſhower,
Their fervid glow applying,
Deſtroy their fav'rite flower.

The love-ſick heart requiring
The ſunſhine of ſucceſs;
Continual bliſs deſiring,
Yet ſickneſs with excels.

The fond, the ſecret tear,
Soft paſſion keeps alive;
The breath of doubt and fear,
Like zephyrs bid it thrive.